¶ The boke of Codrus and Mynalcas.

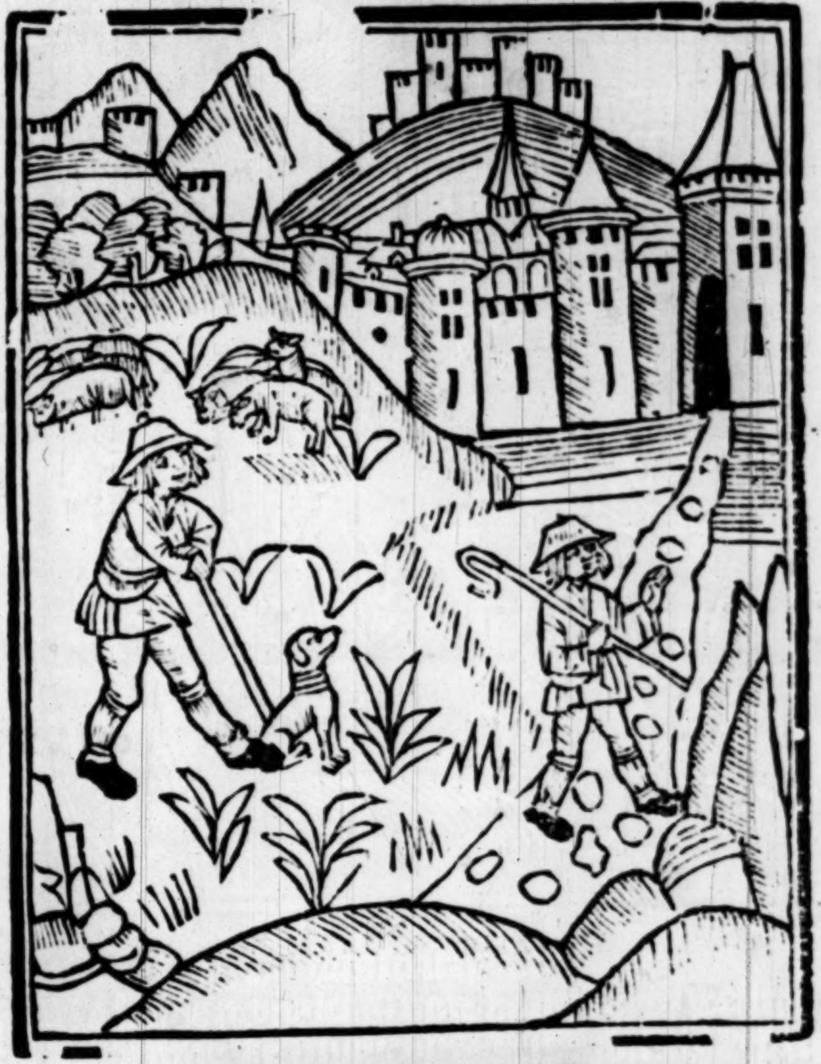
¶ The prologe of the fourthe Eglog of Alexander Barcley.

CODrus a ſhepherde/ luſty gaye and ſtout
Sat wͭ his wethers/ at paſture roũde about
And poore Mynalcas/ with ewes ſcarſe fourtene
Sat ſadly muſyng/ in ſhadowe on the grene
This luſty Codrus/ was cloked for the rayne
And double decked/ with hoodes one or twayne

He had a pautner/ with purſes manyfolde
And ſurely lyned/ with ſyluer and with golde
Within his wallet/ were meates good and fyne
Bothe ſtore and plentie/ had he of ale and wyne
Suche fulſome paſture/ made hym a double chynne
His furred myttans/ were of a curres ſkynne
Nothyng he wanted/ longyng to clothe and fode
But by no meane/ wolde he departe with gode
Somtyme this Codrus/ dyde vnder ſhadowe lye
Wyde opyn pipyng/ and gapyng on the ſkye
Somtyme he daunced/ and hobbled lyke a beare
Somtyme he pried/ howe he became his geare
He lept/ he ſong/ and ranne to proue his might
Whan purſe is heuy/ oftyme the hert is lyght
But though this Codrus/ had ſtore ynough of gode
He wanted wyſdome/ for nought he vnderſtode
Saue worldely practice/ his treaſure for to ſtore
Howe euer it came/ ſmall force made he therfore
On the other ſyde/ the poore Mynalcas lay
With empty belly/ and ſymple poore aray
yet coude he pype/ and fynger well a drone
But ſour is muſyke/ whan men for hungre grone
Codrus had richeſſe/ Mynalcas had cõnyng
For god nat gyueth/ to one man euery thyng
At laſt this Codrus/ eſpyed Mynalcas
And ſoone he knewe/ what maner man he was
For olde aquayntance/ bytwene them erſt had ben
Long tyme before/ they mette vpon the grene
And therfore Codrus/ downe boldely by hym ſatte
And in this maner/ with hym began to chatte.

¶ Finis prologe.

¶ Here begynneth the fourthe Eglogge / of the behauour of riche men anenſt poetes / interlocutours / be Codrus and Mynalcas.



¶ Codrus firſt ſpeketh.

AL hayle mynalcas / now be my fayth well met
Lorde Jeſu mercy / what troubles dyd yͤ let

That this long ſeaſon/ none coude the here eſpy
With vs was thou wont/ to ſyng full merely
And to lye pipyng/ ofte tyme among the flouers
What tyme thy beſtes/ were fedyng among oures
In theſe colde valeys/ we two were wont to bourde
And in theſe ſhadowes/ talke many a mery worde
And ofte were we wont/ to wraſtell for a fall
But nowe thou droupeſt/ and haſt for gotten all
Here was thou wont/ ſwete balades to ſyng
Of ſong and dytie/ as it were for a kyng
And of gay maters/ to ſyng and to endyte
But nowe thy courage is gone/ and thy delyte
Truſt me Mynalcas/ nowe playnly I eſpy
That thou arte wery/ of ſhepherdes company
And that all pleaſure/ thou ſemeſt to diſpyſe
Lothyng our paſture/ and feldes in lykewiſe
Thou fleeſt ſolace/ and euery mery fytte
Leſyng thy tyme/ and ſore hurtyng thy wytte
In ſlouthe thou ſlombriſt/ as buryed were thy ſong
Thy pype is broken/ or ſomwhat els is wrong.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ What tyme the cocke crowes/ fethers mout & fall
From ſight ſhe lurketh/ her ſong is gone withall
Whan backe is bare/ and purſe of coyne is lyght
The wytte is dulled/ and reaſon hath no might
Adue endityng/ whan gone is lyberte
Enuy to muſes/ is wretched pouerte
What tyme a knight/ is ſubget to a knaue
To iuſt or tourney/ ſmall pleaſure ſhall he haue.

¶ Codrus.

¶ What/ no man the kepeth/ here in captiuyte
And buſy labour/ ſubdueth pouerte

And ofte is it better/and moche ſurer alſo
As ſubget to obey/than at frewyll to go
As by enſample/beholde a wanton colt
In ragyng youthe/lepeth ouer hyll and holt
But whyle he ſkippeth/at pleaſure and at wyll
Oftyme dothe he fall/in daunger for to ſpyll
Somtyme on ſtubbes/his hoſes ſore he teares
Or falles in the mudde/bothe ouer heed and eares
Somtyme all the night/abrode in hayle or rayne
And ofte among breres/tangled by the mayne
And other peryls/he ſuffreth infynite
So mengled with ſorowe/is pleaſure and delyte
But if the ſame colte/be broken at the laſt
His ſytter ruleth/and hym refrayneth faſt
The ſpurre him pricketh/the bridell dothe him holde
That he can nat praũce at pleaſure wher̃ he wolde
The ryder hym ruleth/and ſaueth from dangere
By whiche example/Mynalcas it is clere
That frewyll is ſubget/to inconuenyence
Where by ſubgection/man voydeth great offence
For man of hym ſelfe/is very frayle certayne
But ofte a ruler/his folly dothe refrayne
But as for thy ſelfe/thou haſt no cauſe parde
To walke at pleaſure/is no captiuyte.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Seeſt thou nat Codrus/the feldes rounde about
Compaſed with flodes/that none may in nor out
The muddy waters/nere choke me with the ſtynke
At euery tempeſt/they be as blacke as ynke
Pouerte to me/ſhulde be no diſconfort
If other ſpepherde/were all of the ſame ſort
But Codrus/I clawe ofte where it dothe nat ytche

To ſe ten beggers/and halfe a doſen ritche
Truely me thynketh/this wꝛong particion
And namely ſithe all/ought to be after one
Whan I firſt beholde/theſe feldes from a farre
Me thought thẽ pleſant/⁊ voyde of ſtryfe oꝛ warre
But with my pooꝛe flocke/apꝛochyng nere and nere
Alway my pleaſure/dyde leſſe and leſſe apere
And truely Codꝛus/ſithe I came on this grounde
Ofte vnder floures/vyle ſnakes haue I founde
Adders and todes/and many vyle ſerpent
Enfect olde ſhepe/with venym violent
Anv ofte be the yong/infected of the olde
That vnto theſe fewe/now bꝛought is all my folde

¶ Codꝛus.

¶ In ſome place/is nother venym noꝛ ſerpent
And as foꝛ my ſelfe/I fele no greuous ſent.

¶ Mynalcas.

It were great marueyle/wherſo gret groũde is ſene
yf no ſmall medowe/were pleſant ſwete and clene
As foꝛ the Codꝛus/I may beleue right wele
That thou no ſauour/noꝛ ſtynke of mud duſt fele
Foꝛ if a ſhepherde/hath ſtyll remayned long
In a foule pꝛiſon/oꝛ in a ſtynking gong
His pooꝛes with yll eyꝛe/be ſtopped ſo echone
That of the eyꝛe/he feleth ſmall ſent oꝛ none
And yet the dwellers/be badder than the place
The riche and ſturdy/dothe thꝛeten and manace
The pooꝛe and ſymple/and ſuche as came but late
And who moſt knoweth/him moſt of all they hate
And all the burthen/is on the aſſes backe
But the ſtrong caball/ſtandeth at the racke
And ſuche be aſſigned/ſomtyme the flocke to kepe

Whiche ſcante haue ſo moche/ of reaſon as a ſhepe
And euery ſhepherde/at other hath enuy
Scant be a couple/ whiche loueth parfitely
Ilwyll ſo reigneth/that braulyng be thou ſure
Conſtrayned me nere/ to ſeke a newe paſture
Saue onely after/ I hope of better reſt
For ſmall occaſyon/a byrde nat chaungeth neſt

¶ Codrus.

¶ Wele ere thou graunted/that in a ſmall grounde
Some plot of pleaſure/ and quyet may be founde
So where of herdes/ aſſembled is great ſorte
There ſome muſt be good / than to the beſt reſorte
But leaue we all this/ tourne to our poynt agayne
Of thy olde balades/ſome wolde I here full fayne
For often haue I had/ great pleaſure and delyte
To here recounted/ſuche as thou dyde endyte.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ ye other ſhepherdes/ which haue ynough at home
Whan ye be mery/ and ſtuffed is your wombe
Whiche haue great ſtore/ of butter/cheſe/ and woll
your cowes vthers/of mylke replete and full
Payles of ſwete mylke/as full as they be able
Whan your fat diſſhes/ ſmoke hote vpon yo^r table
Than laude ye ſonges/ and balades magnify
If they be mery/or written craftely
ye clappe your handes/and to the makyng harke
And one ſay to other / lo here a proper warke
But whan ye haue ſayd/nought gyue ye for o payne
Saue onely laudes/ and pleſaunt wordes vayne
All if theſe laudes/ may wele be counted good
yet the pore ſhepherde/ muſt haue ſome other fode.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Mayſt thou nat ſomtyme/ thy folde ⁊ ſhepe apply
And after at leyſar/ to lyue moꝛe quyetly
Diſpoſe thy wyttes/ to make oꝛ to endyte
Renoūſyng cures/ foꝛ tyme whyle thou doſt wꝛite
¶ Mynalcas.
¶ Nedes muſt a ſhepherde/ beſtowe his hole labour
Intēdyng his flockes ſcant may he ſpare one hour
In goyng/ comyng/ and often them to tende
Full lightly the day/ is bꝛought vnto an ende
Somtyme the wolues/ with dogges muſt he chace
Somtyme his foldes/ muſt he newe compace
And oftyme them chaunge/ and if he ſtoꝛmes dout
Of his ſhepe cote/ daube the walles rounde about
Whan they be bꝛoken/ oftymes them renewe
And hurtfull paſtures/ note wele and thē eſchewe
Bye ſtrawe and lytter/ and hay foꝛ wynter colde
Oft greas the ſcabbes/ aſwell of yong as olde
Foꝛ dꝛede of theues/ ofte watche vp all the night
Beſyde this labour/ with all his mynde ⁊ might
Foꝛ his pooꝛe houſholde/ foꝛ to pꝛouyde vitayle
If by aduenture/ his wolle oꝛ lambes fayle
In doyng all theſe/ no reſpyte dothe remayne
But well to endyte/ requyꝛeth all the bꝛayne
I tell the Codꝛus/ a ſtyle of excellence
Muſt haue all labour/ and all the dilygence
Bothe theſe two warkes/ be great nere impoꝛtable
To my ſmall power/ my ſtrength is moche vnable
The one to entende/ ſcant may I byde the payne
Than is it harder/ foꝛ me to do bothe twayne
What tyme my wyttes/ be clere foꝛ to endyte
My dayly charges/ wyll graunt me no reſpyte
But if I folowe/ endyting at my wyll

Echone diſdayneth/my charges to fulfyll
Though in theſe feldes/ eche other ought ſuſtayne
Clene loſt is that lawe/one may requyre in vayne
yf coyne cōmaunde/ than men count them as bounde
Els fle they labour/than is my charge on groūde.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Cornix ofte counted/that man ſhulde fle no payne
His frendes burthen/ to ſupport and ſuſtayne
Fede they thy flocke/ whyle thou doſt wryte and ſyng
Eche horſe agreeth/ nat well for euery thyng
Some for the charet/ſome for the cart or ploughe
And ſome for hackeneys/ if they be lyght ⁊ toughe
Eche felde agreeth nat wele for euery ſede
Who hath mooſt labour / is worthy of beſt mede.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ After endityng/than gladly wolde I drinke
To reche me yͤ cuppe / no man dothe care ne thike
And ofte ſome foles/ voyde of diſcrecyon
Me and my maters/hath in deriſyon
And marueyle is none / for who wolde ſowe yͤ felds
With coſtly ſedes/ whiche ſhall no frutes yelde
Some wanton body/ ofte laugheth me to ſcorne
And ſayth Mynalcas/ ſe howe thy pyltche is torne
Thy hoſe and cokers/be broken at the kne
Thou canſt nat ſtōble/for bothe thy ſhone may ſe
Thy berde lyke briſtels/ or lyke a porpos ſkyn
Thy clothyng ſheweth / thy wynnyng is but thyn
Suche mockyng tauntes/reneweth ofte my care
And nowe be wodes/ of frute and leaues bare
And froſty wynter/ hath made the feldes whyte
For wrathe and angre/my lyppe and tong I byte
For dolour I droupe/ſore vexed with diſdayne

My wōbe all waſteth wherfore I byde this payne
My woll and wethers / may ſcarſly fede my wombe
And other houſholde / whiche I retayne at home
Leane be my lambes / that no man wyll them bye
And yet their dammes / they dayly ſouke ſo drie
That from their vthers / no lycour can we wring
Than without repaſt / who can endyte or ſyng
It me repenteth / if I haue any wytte
As for my ſcyence / I wery am of it
And of my poore lyfe / I wery am Codrus
Sithe my harde fortune / for me diſpoſeth thus
That of the ſtarres / and plannettes echone
To poore Mynalcas / wele fortunate is none
Knowen is the trouthe / if it were clerely ſought
That nowe to this tyme / I ſtyll haue ſong for nou
For youthe is luſty / ⁊ of ſmall thyng hath nede (ght
That tyme to age / men gyue no force nor hede
Ages condycion / is greatly contrary
Whiche nowe aprocheth / right ſtyll and craftely
But what tyme age / dothe any man oppreſſe
yf he in youthe / haue gathered no richeſſe
Than paſſeth age / in care and pouerte
For nede is greuous / with olde infyrmite
And age is fettred / oftyme with care and nede
Whan ſtrength is faded ⁊ man hath nought to fede
Whan ſtrength is faded / than hope of gayne is gone
In youthes ſeaſon / to make prouiſyon
The lytell emet / is wyſe and prouydent
In ſomer workyng / with labour dilygent
In her ſmalle caue / conueying corne and grayne
Her lyfe in wynter / to noriſſhe and ſuſtayne
And with her ſmall mouthe / is buſy it cuttyng

Leſt in her caue/ the ſame might growe or ſpring
So man of reaſon/hym ſelfe reputyng ſage
In youthe ſhulde puruey/to lyue theron in age.
¶ Codrus.
¶ Men ſay that clerkes / whiche knowe aſtronomy
Knowe certayne ſtarres/ whiche long to deſteny
But all their ſayeng / is nothyng veritable
yet here the mater/ thought it be but a fable
They ſay that Mercury/dothe poetes fauour
Under Jupiter/be princes of honour
And men of richeſſe/ of welthe or dignyte
And all ſuche other/as haue authorite
Mercury gyueth/ to poetes laureate
Goodly cōueyaunce/ ſpeche pleſaunt and ornate
Inuentyfe reaſon/to ſyng or play on harpe
In goodly dytie/ or balade for to carpe
This is thy lotte/ what ſekeſt thou richeſſe
No man hath all/this thyng is true doutleſſe
God all diſpoſeth/ as he perceyueth beſt
Take thou thy fortune / and holde the ſtyll in reſt
Take thou thy fortune/ and holde thy ſelfe content
Lette vs haue richeſſe / and roumes exellent.
¶ Mynalcas.
¶ Thou haſt of richeſſe / and goodes habundaunce
And I haue dyties/and ſonges of pleſaunce
To aſke my connyng/to couytous thou art
Why is nat thy ſelfe/ contented with thy part
Why doſt thou enuade/ my parte and porcion
Thou wanteſt Codrus/ wytte and diſcrecyon.
¶ Codrus.
¶ Nat ſo Mynalcas/ forſothe thou art to blame
Of wrong enuaſyon/ to gyue to me the name

I wolde no dytie/ nor balade take the fro
No harpe nor armes/ whiche long to Appollo
But onely Mynalcas/ I ſore deſyre and long
To gyue myne eares/ to thy ſwete ſoũdyng ſong
It fedeth heryng/ and is to one pleſant
To here good reaſon/ and balade conſonant.
¶ Mynalcas.
¶ Yf thou haue pleaſure/ to here my melody
I graunt the Codrus/ to ioye my armony
So I haue pleaſure/ and ioye of thy richeſſe
So gyftes doubled/ encreaſeth loue doutleſſe.
¶ Codrus.
¶ He of my richeſſe/ hath ioye whiche loueth me
And who me hateth/ nothyng content is he
Enuyous wretches/ by malyce cõmenly
Take others fortune/ and pleaſure heuely.
¶ Mynalcas.
¶ In lykewiſe mayeſt thou/ enioye of our ſcyence
And of our muſes/ thoughe thou be fro preſence
And of our connyng/ thou ioyeſt ſemblably
yf ought prouoke the/ by malyce and enuy
yf I fede thy eares/ fede thou my mouthe agayne
I lothe were to ſpende/ my gyftes all in vayne
Meate vnto the mouthe/ is fode and ſuſteynance
And ſonges fedeth/ the eares with pleſaunce
I haue the muſes/ if thou wylte haue of myne
Than right requyreth/ that I haue parte of thyne
This longeth to loue/ to noriſſhe charyte
This fedeth pyte/ this dothe to right agre
This is the pleaſure/ and wyll of god aboue
Of hym diſpoſed/ for to engendre loue
All pleſaunt gyftes/ one man hath nat parde

That one of other/ ſhulde haue neceſſite
No man of hym ſelfe/ is ſure ſufficient
This is prouiſyon/ of god omnipotent
That one man ſhulde nede/anothers aſſyſtence
Wherby is ioyned/loue and beneuolence.
Englande hath clothe/ Burdeux hath ſtore of wyne
Cornwayle hath tynne/ and Lymſter wolles fyne.
London hath ſcarlot/and Briſtowe pleſaunt reed
Fenne lande hath fyſſhes/in other place is leed.
This is of our lorde/diſpoſed ſo my brother
Bycauſe all coſtes/ ſhulde one haue nede of other.
So euery tre/ hathe frute after his kynde
And dyuers natures/ in beeſtes may we fynde.
Alway whan nature/of thyng is mooſt laudable
That thyng men coũteth/mooſt good ⁊ profitable
And euery perſon/ in his owne gifte hath ioye
The fole in his bable/hath pleaſure for to toye.
The clerke in his boke/ the marchaunt in richeſſe
The knyght in his horſe/ harnes and hardyneſſe.
But euery perſon/ of his gyftes and arte
Whan nede requireth ſhulde gladly gyue ſome pte
Suche meane conioyneth/ in bonde of loue certayne
Englande ⁊ Fraũce/ Scotlãde Grece ⁊ Spayne.
So haſt thou Codrus/ of golde ynough in ſtore
And I ſome cõnyng/ though fewe mẽ care therfore
Thou art beholden/ to Jupiter truely
And I beholden to pleſaunt Mercury.
Joyne we our ſterres/ let me haue parte of thyne
Cõcorde to cheryſſhe/ yͭ ſhalte haue parte of myne
Make thou Jupiter/ be frendely vnto me
And our Mercury/ ſhalbe as good to the.
If thy Jupiter/ gyue me but onely golde

Mercury ſhall gyue the/ giftes manyfolde
His pyllion/ ceptre/his wynges/and his harpe
If thou haue all theſe/ thou mayſt grathly carpe
And ouer all theſe/ gyue the ſhall Mercury
The knot of Hercules enlaced craftely.

¶ Codꝛus.

¶ Loꝛde god Mynalcas/ why haſt yͧ all this payne
This wyſe to foꝛge/ſo many woꝛdes in vayne.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ That vayne yͧ coũteſt/ whiche may hurt oꝛ enleſſe
Thy loued treaſour/ oꝛ mynisſhe thy rithesſe
If thou wylte harken/ oꝛ here my muſes ſyng
Refreſſhe my mynde with confoꝛt and lyking
Rydde me fro troubles and care of buſyneſſe
Confoꝛt my coꝛage/ whiche nowe is confoꝛtleſſe
A clerke a poete/ combyned with a boy
To haunt the muſes/ hath but lytell ioye
The wytte and reaſon/ is dull oꝛ of valour
Lyke as the body/ is called to honour
Whan buſy charges/ cauſeth a man to grone
The wytte than ſlombꝛeth / and muſes all be gone
A dytie wyll haue/ mynde quyet and reſpyte
And caſe of ſtomake/ els can none wele endyte
I ſighe/ I ſlombꝛe: care troubleth ofte my thought
Whan ſome by malyce/ myne art ſetteth at nought
I heule as a kyte/ foꝛ hunger and foꝛ colde
Foꝛ thought and ſtudy/my youthe apaereth olde
My ſkynne hath wꝛincles and pomples all about
Foꝛ colde and ſtudy/ I dꝛede me of the gout
Whan ſickeneſſe cometh/ than lyfe hath bꝛeuyte
By falſe vnkyndneſſe/ and wꝛetched pouerte
If men were louyng/ benigne/and charytable

Than were pouerte/bothe good and tollerable
But ſithe charyte and pyte bothe be gone
What ſhulde pouerte remayne behynde alone
No man hath pyte/ eche dayneth me to fede
I loſt haue confort/ but ſtyll remayneth nede
I haue no wethers nor ewes in my folde
No ſyluer in purſe/ I knowe nat what is golde
Nor corne on the grounde/haue I wheron to fare
Than wolde thou haue me to lyue voyde of care
Nay nay frende Codrus/ truſt me I the aſſure
Suche maner ſalues/can nat my dolour cure
Make thou me ioconde/helpe me with clothe ⁊ fode
Clothe me for wynter/ with pyltche/ felte/ ⁊ hode
Auoyde all charges/let me ſytte in my ſell
Let worldly wretches/ with worldly maters mell
Socour my age/ regarde my heeres gray
Than ſhalte thou proue/ ⁊ ſe what thyng I may
Than ſhalte thou fynde me/ bothe apt to write ⁊ ſing
Good wyll ſhall fulfyll/ my ſcarſneſſe of cõnyng
A plentyfull houſe out chaſeth thought and care
Soiorne dothe ſocour there/ wher’ althing is bare
The ſellar couched with bere/ ale/ or wyne
And meates redy whan man hath luſt to dyne
Great barnes full/ fatte wethers in the folde
The purſe well ſtuffed/ bothe with ſyluer ⁊ golde
Fauour of frendes/ and ſuche as loueth right
All theſe and other do make the full lyght
Than is it pleaſure the yong maydens among
To watche by the fyre / the wynter nightes long
At their fonde tales/ to laughe or whan they brall
Great fyre and candell/ſpendyng for labour ſmall
And in the aſſhes/ ſome playes for to make

To couer wardeyns/ for faut of other warke
To toſt white ſheuers/ and to make prophytrolles
And after talkyng/ oftymes to fyll the bolles
Where welthe aboundeth/ without rebuke or cryme
Thus do ſome herdes/ for pleaſure and paſtyme
As Fame reporteth/ ſuche a ſhepherde there was
Whiche that tyme lyued vnder Mecenas
And Titerus I trowe/ was this ſhepherdes name
I wele remembre/ a lyue yet is his fame
He ſong of feldes/ and tyllyng of the grounde
Of ſhepe/ of oxen/ and batayle dyde he ſounde
So ſhirle he ſounded/ in termes eloquent
I trowe his tunes/ went to the firmament
The ſame Mecenas/ to hym was fre and kynde
Whoſe large gyftes/ gaue confort to his mynde
Alſo this Shepherde by heuenly influence
I trowe optayned his pereleſſe eloquence
We other ſhepherdes/ be greatly dyfferent
Of commen ſortes/ leane/ ragged and rent
Fed with rude frowyſe/ with quacham or wᵗ crudde
Or ſlymy kempes/ yll ſmellyng of the mudde
Suche ruſty meates enblyndeth ſo our brayne
That of our fauour/ the Muſes haue diſdayne
And great Appollo/ diſpyſeth that we write
For why? rude wyttes/ but rudely dothe endyte.

¶ Codrus.

¶ I truſt on fortune/ if it be fauourable
My truſt fulfylling/ than ſhall I wele be able
Thy nede to ſocour/ I hope after a thyng
And if fortune fall wele after my lyking
Truſt me Mynalcas/ I ſhall delyuer the
Out of this trouble/ care/ and calamyte.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ A Codꝛus Codꝛus/ I wolde to god thy wyll
Were this tyme redy/ thy pꝛomes to fulfyll
After the power/ and might that thou haſt nowe
Thou haſt ynoughe foꝛ bothe man/ god auowe
If thy good mynde/ accoꝛdyng with thy might
At this tyme pꝛeſent/ yͤ ſhulde my hert wele light
I aſke nat the ſtoꝛe/ of Coſmus oꝛ Capell
With ſylken robes/ I couept nat to mell
No kynges dyſſhes/ I couept noꝛ deſyꝛe
Noꝛ riche mantels/ oꝛ palles wꝛought in tyꝛe
No clothe of golde/ of Tyſſue noꝛ veluet
Damaſke noꝛ ſaten/ noꝛ oꝛient Scarlet
I aſke no value of Peters coſtely cope
Shelde of Mynerua/ noꝛ patyn of Eſope
I aſke no palays/ noꝛ lodgynge curyous
No bedde of ſtate/ of rayment ſumptuous
Foꝛ this I lerned of the deane of Poules
I tell the Codꝛus this man hath won ſome ſoules
I aſke no treaſour/ noꝛ ſtoꝛe of woꝛldely gode
But a quyet lyfe/ and onely clothe and fode
With homely lodgyng/ to kepe me warme and dꝛy
Enduryng my lyfe/ foꝛ ſoꝛthe no moꝛe aſke I
If I were certayne this lyueng ſtyll to haue
Auoyde of trouble/ no moꝛe of god I craue.

¶ Codꝛus.

¶ This lyueng haſt thou/ what nedes the cõplayne?
Nothing yͤ wanteſt/ whiche may thy lyfe ſuſtayne
What fele man parde/ thy chekes be nat thynne
No lacke of vitayle/ cauſeth a double chynne

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Some beeſt is luſty/ and fatte of his nature
Though he ſore labour/ and go in badde paſture
And ſome beeſt agayne/ ſtyll leane and poore is ſene
Though it fatly fare/ within a medowe grene
Though thou Codrus/ ſtyll argue tyll to morowe
I lycke no dyſſhes/ whiche ſauced is with ſorowe
Better one ſmale dyſſhe/ with ioye and hert lyking
Than dyuers denties with murmure ⁊ grutching
And men vnlerned/ can neuer be content
Whan ſcolers common/ and clerkes be preſent
As ſoone as clerkes/ begyn to talke and chat
Some other gloumes/ and hath enuy therat
It is a tourment a clerke to ſytte at borde
Of his lernyng/ nat for to talke one worde
Better were to be with clerkes with a cruſt
Than at ſuche tables/ to fare at wyll and luſt
Lette me haue the borde of olde Pytagoras
Whiche of temperaunce a very father was
Of philoſophers the moderate rycheſſe
In youthe or age/ I loued neuer exceſſe
Some boſt and promes/ and put men in confort
Of large gyftes/ mooſt men be of this ſort
With mouthe and promes for to be lyberall
Whan nede req̄reth/ than gyue they nought at all
All onely in the is fixed all my truſt
If thou fayle promes/ than roule I in the duſt
My hope is faded/ than ſhall my ſong be dom
Lyke a nightyngale at the ſolſticium
If thou fayle promes my confort clene is loſt
Than may I hang my pype vpon the poſt
Shytte thy ſhop wyndowes for lacke of marchādice
Or els for bycauſe/ that eaſy is the price

¶Codrus.

¶Mynalcas/ if thou the court of Rome haſt ſene
With forked cappes/ or els if thou haſt bene
Or noble prelates by richeſſe exellent
Thou wele parceyueſt/ they be magnifycent
With them be clerkes/ and pleſaunt oratours
And many poetes promoted to honours
There is abundaunce of all that men deſyre
There men haue honour/ before they it requyre
In ſuche fayre feldes/ without labour or payne
Bothe welth and richeſſe/ yͧ mayſt lightly optayne

¶Mynalcas.

¶Thou art abuſed and thynkeſt wronge doutleſſe
To thynke that I am deſyrous of richeſſe
To fede on rawe fleſſhe/ it is a wolues gyſe
Wherfore he weneth all beeſtes do lyke wiſe
Bycauſe the blynde man/ halteth and is lame
In mynde he thynketh/ that all men do the ſame
So for that thy ſelfe/ deſyreſt good in ſtore
All men thou iugeſt/ infected with lyke ſore
Codrus/ I coueyt nat to haue abundaunce
Small thyng me pleaſeth I aſke but ſuffiſaunce
Graunt me a lyueng ſuffycient and ſmall
And voyde of troubles/ I aſke no more at all
But with that lytell/ I holde me ſelfe content
If ſauce of ſorowe my mynde nat tourment
Of the court of Rome/ for ſothe I haue herde tell
With forked cappes/ it folly is to mell
Mycene and Morton/ be deed and gone certayne
They nor their lyke ſhall neuer retourne agayne
O Codrus Codrus/ Auguſtus and Edwarde
Be gone for euer/ our fortune is more harde

The ſcarlet robes/ in ſong hath ſmale delyte
What ſhulde I traueyle/ in Rome is no profyte
It gyueth mockes and ſkornes many folde
Styll cratchyng coyne/ and gapyng after golde
Fraunde and diſceyt/ dothe all the worlde fyll
And money reigneth/ and dothe althyng at wyll
And for that people/ wolde more entende to gyle
Vertue and trouthe/ be driuen into exyle
We are cōmaunded to truſt for tyme to come
Tyll care and ſorowe/ hath waſted our wyſdome
Hope of rewarde/ hath poetes them to fede
Nowe in the worlde/ fayre wordes be their mede.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Than write of batayls/ or actes of men bolde
Or mighty princes/ they may the wele vpholde
Theſe worthy rulers of fame and name royall
Of very reaſon ought to be lyberall
Some ſhalt thou fynde bitwene this place and Kent
Whiche for thy labour/ ſhall the ryght well cōtent.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Ye/ ſome ſhall I fynde: whiche be ſo prodigall
That in vayne thyngi ſpende/ ⁊ clene waſteth all
But howe ſhulde that man/ my pouertie ſuſtayne
Whiche nought reſerueth his honour to mētayne.
For auncyent blode/ nor auncyent honour
In theſe our dayes/ be nought without treaſour
The coyne auaunceth/ nede dothe the name defect
And where is treaſour/ olde honour hath effect
But ſuche as be riche and in promocion
Shall haue my wrytyng but in deriſyon
For in this ſeaſon great men of exellence
Hath to poemys no greatter reuerence

Than to a brothell or els a brothelſhous
Madde ignorance is ſo contagyous.

¶Codrus.

¶It is nat ſemyng/ a poete thus to ieſt
In wrathfull ſpeche/ nor wordes diſhoneſt.

¶Mynalcas.

¶It is no ieſtyng be thou neuer ſo wrothe
In open langage to ſay nothyng but trouthe
If parauenture / thou wolde haue trouthe kept ſtyll
Prouoke thou nat me/ to angre at thy wyll
Whan wrathe is moued/ than rayſon hath no might
The tonge forgetteth diſcrecyon and right

¶Codrus.

¶To moue thy myndes/ I truely were full lothe
To gyue good coũſaile is far from beyng wrothe.

¶Mynalcas.

¶As touchyng counſaile my mynde is plentifull
But nede and troubles/ make all my reaſon dull
If I had counſaile and golde in lyke plente
I tell the Codrus/ I had no nede of the
Howe ſhulde a poete/ poore/ bare/ and indygent
Indyte the actes/ of princes excellent
Whyle ſcant is worthe/ a knyfe his pype to mende
To rounde the holles/ to clenſe or pyke the ende
Beholde my whittell/ almoſt hath loſt the blade
So long tyme paſt/ is ſithe the ſame was made
The hafte is bruſed/ the blade nat worthe a ſtrawe
Ruſty and tothed/ nat moche vnlyke a ſawe
But touchyng this hurt/ it is but lyght and ſmall
But care and trouble/ is greuous payne withall
Good counſaile helpeth/ makyng the wyttes ſtable
Ill counſaile maketh/ the myndes varyable

And breketh the brayne/ deminyſſhing the ſtrength
And all the reaſon/ confoundeth at the length
Great men are ſhamed/ to gyue thyng poore or ſmall
And great they deny/ thus gyue they nought at all
Beſyde this Codrus/ princes and men royall
In our enditynges / hath pleaſure faynt and ſmall
So moche power haue they/ with men of might
As ſymple douues/ whan eglys take their flyght
Or as great wyndes/ careth for leaues dry
They lyue in pleaſure / and welthe cōtinually
In luſt their lyking is/ and in ydleneſſe
Fewe haue their myndes/ from all vicyouſneſſe
Pleaſure is thyng/ wherto they muſt entende
That they moſt cheriſſhe/ they wolde haue men cō
If poetes ſhulde/ their maners magnify (cende
They were ſupporters of blame and lechery
Than ſhulde their wrytyng/ be nothyng cōmendable
Conteynyng ieſtes/ and dedes deteſtable
Of ſtynking Venus/ or loue inordynate
Of rybaude wordes/ whiche fall nat for a ſtate
Of right oppreſſed/ and beeſtly glotony
Of vyce auaunced/ of ſlouthe and iniury
And other dedes/ in fame and worthy blame
Whiche were ouer long/ here to recount or name
Theſe to commende/ Codrus do nat agre
To any poete/ whiche loueth chaſtyte.

¶ Codrus.

What/ yes Mynalcas/ ſome haue ben ſtrong & bolde
Whiche haue in batayle/ done actes manyfolde
With mighty courage/ hauyng them in fight
And boldely byding/ for to maynteyne the right
To the coude I nowe/ reherſe welnere a ſcore

Of luſt nor richeſſe/ſettyng no force ne ſtore
Deſpiſyng ſofte golde/ſwete fare/ and beddes ſofte
Whiche in colde harnes/ lye on the groūde full ofte
Cloſed in yron/ whiche whan their woundes blede
Want breed and drinke/ them to reſtore and fede
Whyle ſome hath pleaſure/ in ſofte golde orient
With colde harde yron/ their mynde is well cōtent
Suche were the ſonnes/of noble lorde Hawarde
Whoſe famous actes/ may ſhame a faynt cowarde
What coude they more/but their ſwete lyues ſpende
Their princes quarell/ and right for to defende
Alas that batayle/ ſhulde be of that rigoure
Whan fame and honour/ ryſeth and is in floure
With ſodayne furour / than all to quence agayne
But boldeſt hertes/ be nereſt dethe certayne.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ For certayne Codrus / I can nat that deny
But ſome in batayle/ behaue them manfully
Suche as in batayle/do actes martyall
Laude worthy poetes/and ſtyle heroycall
The pleſaunt muſes/ whiche ſoundeth grauyte
Had helpe and fauour/whyle theſe were in degre
But ſythe ſtrong knightes/ haue left their exercyſe
And manly vertue/ corrupted is with vyce
The famous poetes/ whiche ornatly endyte
Haue founde no mater/wherof to ſyng or write
The wytte thus dyeth/ of poetes auncyent
So dothe their wrytyng/ and deties eloquent
For lacke of cuſtome/ thought/care/ and penury
Theſe be confounders/ of pleſaunt poeſy
But if ſome prince/ ſome kyng/ or conquerour
Hath wonne in armes/ or batayle great honour

Full lytell they force/ for to delate their fame
That other realmes/ may laude or praiſe their name
Of tyme for to come/ they force nothyng at all
By fame and honour/ to lyue as immortall
It them ſuffyſeth/ they count ynoughe truely
That their owne realmes/ their names magnify
And that for their lyfe/ they may haue laude ⁊ fame
After their dethe/ than ſeke they for no name
And ſome be vntaught and lerned no ſcyence
Or els they diſdayne/ hye ſtyle of eloquence
Than ſtandeth the poete/ and his poeme arere
Whan princes diſdayne for to rede or here
Or els ſome other/ is drowned all in golde
By couetyſe kept/ in cures many folde
By flagrant ardour/ inflamed in ſuche cas
As in tyme paſt the olde kyng Mydas was
Than of poemes/ full ſmall pleaſure hath he
Couetyſe and clergy/ full leudly dothe agre
Beſyde this Codrus/ with princes cōmonly
Be vntaught courters/ fulfylled with enuy
Juglers and pykers/ bourders/ and flatrers
Baudes and ianglers/ and curſed auoutrers
And mo ſuche other/ of lyueng vicyous
To whom is vertue/ aduers and odyous
Theſe do good poetes/ forthe of all courtes chace
By thouſande maners/ of thretnyng and manace
Somtyme by fraudes/ ſomtyme by yll report
And them aſſyſteh / all other of their ſort
Lyke as whan curres/ lyght on a caryon
Or ſtinkyng rauyns/ fedde with corrupcion
Theſe two all other/ away dothe bete and chace
Bycauſe they alone/ wolde occupy the place

For vnto curres/ is caryon mooſt mete
  And alſo rauyns / thynke ſtynkyng thynges ſwete
Another thyng yet/ is greatly more dampnable
  Of raſcolde poetes/ yet is a ſhamefull rable
Whiche voyde of wyſdome/ preſumeth to endyte
  Though they haue ſcantly/ the connyng of a ſnyte
And to what vyces/ that princes mooſt intende
  Thoſe dare theſe foles/ ſolemnyſe and cōmende
Than is he decked/ as poete laureate
  Whan ſtinkyng Thays / made hym her graduate
Whan muſes reſted/ ſhe dyde her ſeaſon note
  And ſhe with Bacchis/ her camous dyde promote
Suche raſcolde drames/ promoted by Thays
  Bacchis Lycoris/ or yet by Teſtilys
Or by ſuche other/ newe forged muſes nyne
  Thynke in their myndes/ for to haue wyt diuyne
They laude their verſes/ they boſt/ they vaunt ⁊ get
  Though all their connyng/ be ſcantly worthe a pet
If they haue ſmelled/ the artes trinycall
  They count them poetes/ hye and heroycall
Suche is their folly/ ſo foliſſhely they dote
  Thinkyng that none/ can their playne errour note
yet be they folyſſhe/ auoyde of honeſte
  Nothyng ſeaſoned/ with ſpice of grauyte
Auoyde of pleaſure/ auoyde of eloquence
  With many wordes/ and fruteleſſe of ſentence
Unapt to lerne/ diſdaynyng to be tought
  Their priuate pleaſurs/ in ſnare ſo haue thē caught
And worſt yet of all/ they count them excellent
  Thoughe they be fruteleſſe/ raſſhe ⁊ improuident
To ſuche ambages/ who dothe their mynde enclyne
  They counte all other/ as priuate of doctryne

And that the fautes/ whiche be in them alone
Alſo be cōmen/in other men echone
¶Thus byde good poetes / oftyme rebuke and blame
Bycauſe of other/ whiche haue diſpyſed name
And thus for the badde/ the good be clene abiect
¶Their arte and poeme/counted of none effect
Who wanteth reaſon/good to diſcryue from yll
Dothe worthy writers/enterprete at his wyll
So bothe the laudes/ of good and nat laudable
For lacke of knowlege/ become vituperable.

¶Codrus.

¶In faythe Mynalcas/ I wele alowe thy wytte
yet wolde I gladly/ here nowe ſome mery fytte
Of mayde Maryon/or els of Roby Hode
Or bentleys Ale/ whiche chaſeth wele the blode
Of Pert of Norwyche/ or ſauce of Wylberton
Or buckyſſhe ioly/ wele ſtuffed as a ton
¶Talke of the botell/let go the boke for nowe
Combrous is cōnyng/ I make to god auowe
Speke of ſome mak/ which may refreſhe my brayne
¶Truſt me Mynalcas/ I ſhall rewarde thy payne
Els talke of ſtoutney/ wherᵉ is more brayne than wyt
Place mooſt abuſed/that we haue ſpoke of yet.

¶Mynalcas.

¶Of all theſe thynges/langage to multiply
Except I lyed/ſhulde be but villany
It is nat ſemyng/a poete one to blame
All if his honour/haue won dyffamed name
And thoughe ſuche beeſtes/ purſue me with enuy
Malgre for malyce/that payment I defy
My maiſter techeth/ſo dothe reaſon and ſkyll
That man ſhulde reſtore/and rendre good for yll

¶Codrus.
¶Than talke of ſomwhat/ lo it is long to night
yet hath the ſonne/ more than one hour of lyght
¶Mynalcas.
¶yf I nought common/ ſoundyng to grauyte
I feare to optayne/ but ſmale rewarde of the
But if I common of vice or wantonneſſe
Than of our lorde/ ſhall my rewarde be leſſe
Wherfore my balade/ ſhall haue concluſyon
Of frutefull clauſes/ of noble Salomon.
¶Codrus.
¶Syng on Mynalcas/ he may do lytell thyng
Whiche to a balade/ diſdayneth the heryng
But if thy dytie/ accorde nat to my mynde
Than my rewarde/ and promes is behynde
By mannes maners/ it lightly dothe appere
What men deſyreth/ that loue they for to here
¶Mynalcas.
¶Thoughe in thy promes/ I fynde no certente
yet of my connyng/ ſhalte thou haue parte of me
I call no muſes/ to gyue to me doctryne
But ayde ⁊ confort/ of ſtrength ⁊ might diuyne
To clere my reaſon/ with wyſdome and prudence
To ſyng one balade/ extract of ſapyence.
AS medowes paynted/ with floures redolent
The ſight reioyſeth/ of ſuche as thē beholde
So man endewed/ with vertue exellent
Fragrantly ſhyneth/ with beames manyfolde
Vertue with wyſdome/ excedeth ſtore of golde
If richeſſe habounde/ ſet nat on them thy truſt
Whan ſtrength is ſturdy/ than man is perte ⁊ bolde
But wyt ⁊ wyſdome ſoone leyeth hym in the duſt.

Than man is beeſtly/ whiche ſeweth carnall luſt
Spende nat on women/ thy richeſſe or ſubſtaũce
For lacke of vſyng/ as ſteele or yron ruſt
So ruſteth reaſon/ by wylfull ignoraunce
In fraudefull beaute/ ſet thou but ſmall pleaſaunce
A pleſaunt apple/ is ofte corrupt within
Grounde the in youthe/ on goodly gouernaunce
It is good token/ whan man dothe wele begyn.

Ioye nat in malyce/ that is a mortall ſynne
Man is parceyued/ by langage and doctryne
Better is to loſe/ than wrongfully to wynne
He loueth wyſdome/ whiche loueth diſciplyne
Raſſhe enterpriſes/ ofte bringeth to ruyne
A man may contende/ god gyueth victory
Set neuer thy mynde/ on thyng whiche is nat thyne
Truſt nat in honour/ all welthe is tranſitory.

Combyne thou thy tong/ with reaſon and memory
Speke nat to haſty/ without aduyſement
So lyue in this lyfe/ that thou mayſt truſt on glory
Whiche is nat caduke/ but laſtyng parmanent
There is no ſecrete/ with people vyuolent
By beeſtly ſurfet/ the lyfe is breuyate
Though ſome haue pleaſure/ in ſumptuous garmẽt
yet goodly maners/ hym maketh more ornate.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Ho there Myaclas/ of this haue we ynoughe
What ſhulde a plouman/ go farther thã his plough
What ſhulde a ſhepherde/ in wyſdome wade ſo farre
Talke of his tankarde/ or of his box of tarre
Tell ſom what els/ wherin is more conforte
So ſhall the ſeaſon/ and tyme ſeme light & ſhorte

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ For thou of Hawarde / nowe lately dyde recyte
I haue a dytie / whiche Cornix dyde endyte
His dethe complaynyng / but it is lamentable
To here a capitayne / ſo good and honourable
So ſoone withdrawen by dethes cruelte
Before his vertue / was at mooſt highe degre
If dethe for reaſon / had ſhewed hym fauour
To all his nacyon / he ſhulde haue ben honour
Alas / bolde hertes / be nereſt dethe in warre
Whan out of daunger / cowardes ſtande a farre.

¶ Codrus.

¶ All if that ditye / be nener ſo lamentable
Refrayne my teares / I ſhall as I am able
Begyn Mynalcas / tell of the bolde Hawarde
If fortune fauour / hope after ſome rewarde.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ I pray the Codrus / my whey is weke and thyn
Len me thy botell / to drinke or I begyn.

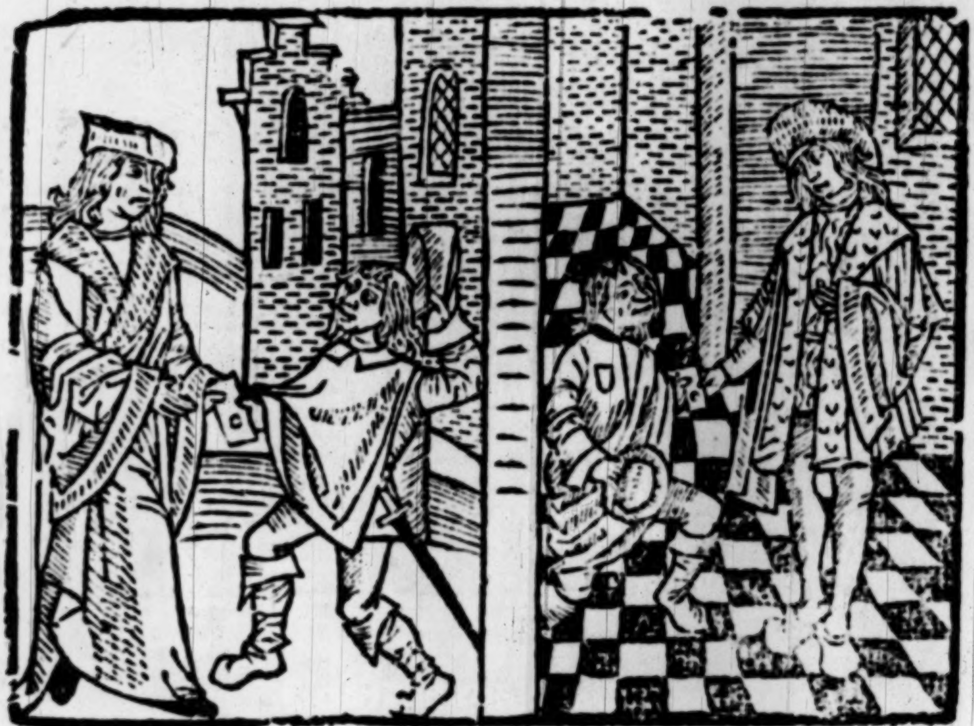
¶ Codrus.

¶ If ought be taſted / the remnaunt ſhall pall
I may nat afore the / nowe for to ſpende out all
We ſytte in ſhadowe / the ſonne is nat feruent
Call for it after / than I ſhall be content.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Styll thou deſyreſt / the pleaſure of my arte
But of thy botell / nought wylte thou yet departe
Though yͧ be negarde / ⁊ nought wylt gyue of thyne
yet this one tyme / thou ſhalt haue parte of myne
Nowe herken Codrus / I tell myne elegy
But ſmall is the pleaſure / of dolefull armony.

¶ The diſcrypcion of the towre of Vertue and Honour/ in to whiche the noble Hawarde contended to entre/ by worthy actes of chiualry.



¶ Mynalcas ſpeketh.

Hyghe on a moũtayne/ of highnes marueylous
With pẽdant clyffes/ of ſtones harde as ſlent
Is made a caſtell/ or toure mooſt curyous
Dredefull vnto ſight/ but inwarde excellent
Suche as wolde entre/ fynde paynes ⁊ tourment
So harde is the way/ vnto the ſame moũtayne
Streight/ hye/ and thorny/ tournyng and dyfferent
That many labour/ for to aſcende in vayne.

Who dothe perſeuer/and to this toure attayne
Shall haue great pleaſure/to ſe the bylding olde
Joyned and graued/ſurmountyng mãnes brayne
And all the walles within of fyneſt golde
With olde hyſtories/and pyctures manyfolde
Glyſtring as bright/as Phebus orient
With marbyll pyllers/the bylding to vpholde
About the turrettes/of ſhape mooſt excellent.

This toure is gotten/by labour dilygent
In it remayneth/ſuche as haue won honour
By holy lyueng/by ſtrength or tournament
And mooſt by wiſdome/attayne vnto this tour
Brefely all people/of godly behauour
By rightwyſe batayle/iuſtyce and equyte
Or that in mercy/haue had a chefe pleaſure
In it haue rowmes/eche after his degre

This goodly caſtell/thus ſhinyng in beaute
Is named caſtell/of vertue and honour
In it eight Henry/is in his mageſte
Mooſt hye enhaunſed/as ought a conquerour
In it remayneth the worthy gouernour
A ſtocke and fountayne/of noble progeny
Mooſt noble Hawarde/the duke and protectour
Named of Northfolke/the floure of chiualry.

Here is the Talbot/manfull and hardy
With other princes/and men of dignyte
Whiche to wyn honour/dothe all their might apply
Supportyng iuſtyce/concorde/and equyte

The manly Corſon/within this toure I ſe
These haue we ſene/echone in his eſtate
With many other / of hye and meane degre
For mercyall actes/ with crownes laureate.

Of this ſtronge caſtell/ is porter at the gate
Strong ſturdy labour/ moche lyke a champyon
But goodly vertue/a lady mooſt ornate
Within gouerneth/with great prouiſyon
But of this caſtell/ in the mooſt hyeſt trone
Is honour ſhinyng/ in rowme imperyall
Whiche vnrewarded/ of them leueth nat one
That come by labour/and vertue princypall.

Ferefull is labour/ without fauour at all
Dredefull of vyſage/ a monſter vntretable
Lyke Cerberus lyeng/ at gates infernall
To ſome men his loke / is halfe intollerable
His ſhulders large/for burthen ſtronge and able
His body briſtled/his necke mighty and ſtyffe
By ſtourdy ſenewes/his ioyntes ſtrong and ſtable
Lyke marbyll ſtones/ his handes be as ſtyffe.

Here muſt man vanquyſſhe/ the dragon of Cadmus
Agayne the Chymer/ here ſtoutly muſt he fight
Here muſt he vanquyſſhe / the ferefull Pegaſus
For the golden fleſe / here muſt he ſhewe his might
If labour gainſay/ he can nothyng be right
This monſter labour/ ofte chaungeth his fygure
Somtyme an ore/ a bore/ or lyon wight
Plainly he ſemeth/ thus chaungyng his nature.

Lyke as Protheus/ofte chaunged his ſtature
Mutable of fygure/ oftymes in one hour
Whan Ariſteus/in bondes had hym ſure
To dyuers fygures/ lykewiſe chaungeth labour
Under his browes/he dredefully dothe lour
With glyſtring eyen/ and ſyde dependant berde
For thurſt and hunger/ alway his chere is ſour
His horned forheed/dothe make faynt hertꝫ ferde.

Alway he drinketh/ and yet alway is dry
The ſweate diſtyllyng/ worthe droppes habūdant
His breſt and forheed / dothe humour multiply
By ſwetyng ſhoures/ yet is this payne pleſant
Of day and of night/his reſtyng tyme is ſcant
No day ouerpaſſeth/ exempt of buſyneſſe
His ſight enfourmeth / the rude and ignorant
Who dare parſeuer/he gyueth them richeſſe.

None he auaunceth/ but after ſtedfaſtneſſe
Of lytell burthen/his bely is and ſmall
His mighty thyes/ his vigour dothe expreſſe
His ſhankes ſturdy/ and large fete withall
By wrathe he rageth/ and ſtyll dothe chyde ⁊ brall
Suche as wolde entre/repellyng with his cry
As well eſtates/as homely men rurall
At the firſt entre/ he thretneth yrefully.

I trowe olde fathers/ whom men nowe magnify
Called this monſter/ Mynerua ſtout and ſoure
For ſtrength and ſenewes / of man mooſt comenly
Are tame and febled/by cures and laboure

Great Hercules the mighty conquerour
Was by this monſter / ouercome and ſuperate
All if he before / vnto his great honour
The ſonne of Venus / had ſtrongly ſubyngate.

Who wolde with honour / be purely laureate
Muſt with this mōſter / longe tyme before cōtende
But lightly is man / ouercome and fatigate
To lady Vertue / if he nat wele entende
Whan ſtrength is febled / ſhe helpeth at the ende
Openyng the gates / and paſſage to honour
By whoſe aſſyſtence / ſoone may a man aſcende
The hye degrees / of the tryumphant tour.

Mankyng enflamed / by goodly behauour
Of lady vertue / come to this toure with payne
But for the entre / pretendeth them rigour
Many one abaſſheth / reculyng backe agayne
To purchace honour / they wolde be glad and fayne
But fearfull labour / the porter is ſo fell
To them proclamyng / their enterpriſe is vayne
Except they before / with hym contende and mell

Here mooſt of all / muſt mannes might excell
With ſtedfaſt courage / and ſure perſeuerance
Els ſhall this monſtre / hym backe agayne repell
But man preuayleth / by long contynuance
No coſtly treaſure / nor io well of pleſance
Without price or payne / can man in erthe come by
So without labour / dothe vertue none auance
To parfyte honour / and noble ſeignory.

Faynt cowarde myndes/ ſoone at the firſt eſcry
Of ſturdy labour/ fall to the grounde as lame
Els ronne they bacwarde/ faſt flyeng cowardly
As hertleſſe wretches/ caryng nothyng for ſhame
But noble hertes/ to wynne immortall name
Fight at theſe gates/ tyll they ouercome labour
Than lady vertue/ with good reporte and fame
Suche knightes gydeth/ to laude ⁊ hye honour.

But cruell fortune/ to ſome is harde and ſoure
That after traueyle/ and many a deedly wounde
Whan lady vertue/ ſhulde graunt to them this toure
Than frowarde fortune/ thē betteth to the groūde
Of this example/ ouer many do habounde
But chefely this one/ the noble lorde Hawarde
Whan he chefe honoure/ was worthy to haue founde
Falſe dethe and fortune/ berefte hym his rewarde

Long he contended/ in batayle ſtrong and harde
With payne ⁊ labour/ with might repellyng wrōg
No backe he tourned/ as dothe ſome faynt cowarde
But with this monſter/ boldely contended long
Whan he had broken/ the locke and dores ſtrong
Ouercome the porter/ and ſhulde aſcende the tour
To lyue in honour/ hye conquerours among
Than cruell fortune/ and dethe dyde hym deuour

Though he were borne/ to glory and honour
Of auncyent ſtocke/ and noble progeny
yet thought his courage/ to be of more valour
By his owne actes/ and noble chiualry

Lyke as becometh/a knight to fortify
His princes quarell/with right and equite
So dyde this Hawarde/ with corage valiantly
Tyll dethe abated/his bolde audacyte.

O happy Sampſon/ more fortunate than he
Onely in ſtrength/but nat in hye courage
O cruell fortune/why durſt thy cruelte
This flour of knighthode/to ſlee in luſty age
Thou haſt debated/ the flour of his lynage
If thou had mercy/bewayle his dethe thou might
For cruell lyons/ and mo beeſtes ſauage
Long tyme nat ceſſed/ ſore to bewayle this knight

O dethe thou haſt done/agaynſt bothe lawe ⁊ right
To ſpare a cowarde/ without danger or wounde
And thus ſoone to quenche/of chiualry the light
O dethe enuyous/ mooſt enmy to our grounde
What mooſt aueyleth / thou ſoneſt doſt confounde
Why dyde nat vertue/aſſyſt her champyon
Thou might haue ayded/for ſothly thou was boũde
For duryng his lyfe/he loued the alone.

O god almighty/ in thy eternall trone
To whom all vertue/ is dere and acceptable
If reaſon ſuffred / to the our crye and mone
This dede might impute/and fortune lamentable
Thou might haue left vs/ this knight moſt honoura
Our welthe ⁊ honour/ to haue kept in degre (ble
Alas why hath dethe/ ſo falſe and diſceyuable
Mankynde to tourment/this wyll and lyberte.

It quencheth vertue/ſparyng iniquite
The beſt it ſtryketh/ of badde hauyng diſdayne
No helpe nor confort/ hath our aduerſyte
Dethe dayly ſtryketh / though we dayly cōplayne
To treate a tyranne/ it is but thyng in vayne
Mekeneſſe prouoketh/his wrathe & tyranny
So at our prayer/dethe hath the more diſdayne
We do by mekeneſſe/ his furour multiply.

If ſome fell tyranne/ replete with villany
Shulde thus haue endyng/the dede were cōmendable
But a ſtout capitayne/diſpoſed to mercy
So ſoone thus faded/the caſe lamentable
Was he nat humble/ioconde and companable
No man diſpyſing/ and firſt in all labour
Right wyſe with mercy/ debonaire and tretable
Mate and companyon/ with euery ſoudyour.

Vyce he ſubdued/by goodly behauiour
Lyke as a ryder/ dothe a wylde ſtede ſubdue
His body ſubget/ his ſoule was gouernour
From vice withdrawen/ to goodneſſe and vertue
Whan pride rebelled/ mekeneſſe dyde eſchue
Fre mynde and almes/ſubdued auaryce
Alway he noted/ this ſayeng iuſt and true
That noble myndes/ diſpyſeth couetyſe.

His dethe declareth/that ſlouthe he dyde eſpyſe
By hardy courage / as firſt in ieopardy
Alway he vſed/ ſome noble exercyſe
Suche as belongeth/to noble chiualry

In hym was there founde / no ſparcle of enuy
Alway he lauded / and prayſed worthyneſſe
Suche as were doughty / rewardyng largely
Wrathe ſaue in ſeaſon / he wiſely coude repreſſe.

Of wyne or Bacchus / deſpyſed he exceſſe
For myndes kyndled / to actes mercyall
Sekyng for honour / and name of doughtyneſſe
Deſpyſeth ſurfet / and lyueng beeſtyall
In hym no power / had luſt veneryall
For buſy labour / and pleſaunt abſtynence
All corporall luſt / ſoone cauſeth for to fall
No luſt ſubdueth / where reigneth dilygence

He was a pyller / of ſober contynence
His onely treaſure / and to well was good name
But O curſed dethe / thy wrathfull vyolnece
By ſtroke vnwarned / halfe blynded of his fame
Who may I accuſe? who may I put in blame?
God for deth / or fortune / or impotent nature
God dothe his pleaſure / & dethe wyll haue the ſame
Nature was mighty / long able to endure.

In fortune the faut is / holde nowe am I ſure
I wolde if I durſt / his tyranny accuſe
O curſed fortune / if thou be creature
Who gaue the power / thus people to abuſe
Thy mutable might / me cauſeth ofte to muſe
Whan man is plunged / in dolour and diſtreſſe
Thy face thou chaungeſt / whiche dyde erſt refuſe
By ſodayne chaunces / hym liftyng to richeſſe.

And ſuche as long tyme/haue lyued in nobles
Anone thou plungeſt/in payne and pouerte
Welthe/honoure/ſtrength/right/iuſtyce/ ⁊ goodnes
Myſery/dolour/lowe roume/and iniquyte
Theſe thou rewardeſt/lyke as it pleaſeth the
To mannes meryte/without reſpect at all
One this day beyng/in great authorite
Agayne to morowe/thou cauſeſt for to fall.

Whan man is worthy/ a roume imperyall
On hym thou gloumeſt/with frowarde coūtenāce
Weyke is thy promes/reuoluyng as a ball
Thou haſt no fauour/to godly gouernance
No man by meryte/thou vſeſt to auance
O blynde d fortune/ oftyme infortunate
Whan man the truſteth/than falleth ſome myſchance
Unwarely chaungyng / his fortune and eſtate.

Tell me frayle fortune/ why dyde thou breuyate
The lyueng ſeaſon/of ſuche a capitayne
That whan his actes ought to be laureate
Thy fauour tourned/ hym ſuffring to be ſlayne
I blame the fortune/ and the excuſe agayne
For thoughe thy fauour/ to hym was rigorous
Suche is thy cuſtome/for to be vncertayne
And namely whan man/ is hye and glorious.

But mooſt worthy duke/hye and vyctorious
Reſpyre to conforte/ſe the vncertaynte
Of other princes/ whoſe fortune proſperous
Oftyme hath ended/ in harde aduerſyte

Rede of Pompeius/ whoſe pereles dignyte
Agayne great Ceſar/ dyde welthe of Rome defēde
Whom/after fortune/ brought in captiuyte
That he in Egypt/ was heeded at the ende.

In lykewiſe Ceſar/ whiche dyde with hym cōtende
Whan all the worlde/to hym was ſubyngate
From his hye honour/dyde ſodaynly diſcende
Murdred in Rome/by chaunce infortunate
Cato an Seneke/with Tully Rewreate
Theſe and mo lyke/for all their ſappence
Hath proued fortune/ſore blynding their eſtate
By wrongfull ſclaunders/and deedly violence.

To poore and riche/it hath no difference
Olde Polycraces/ ſuppoſyng perylI paſt
With dethe diſ honeſt/ ended his excellence
Great Alexander by fortune/ was downe caſt
One draught of poyſon/ hym fylled at the laſt
Whom all the worlde/ erſt coude nat ſacyate
What is all honour/ and power but a blaſt?
Whan fortune thretneth/ the lyfe to breuyate

Beholde on Pyrrus/ the kyng infortunate
With a ſmall ſtone/ deed proſtrate on the grounde
Se Valeryan/ brought downe from his eſtate
From his empyre/ in Percy thrall and bounde
Of olde Priamus/it is in wrytyng founde
Howe he by Pyrrus/was in his paleis ſlayne
Paris and Hector/ receyued mortall wounde
To truſt in fortune/ it is a thyng in vayne.

The mighty Cyrus/a kyng of realmes twayne
Was ſlayne ⁊ his hooſt/of Thomyrus the quene
Thus is no mater/ of fortune to complayne
All that newe falleth/ of olde tyme hath ben ſene
This ſhalbe/this is/ and this hath euer bene
That bolde hertes/ be nereſt ieopardy
To dye in batayle / is honour as men wene
To ſuche as haue ioye/ in hauntyng chiualry.

Suche famous endyng / the name dothe magnify
Note worthy duke/ no cauſe is to complayne
His lyfe nat ended/foule nor diſhoneſtly
In bedde nor tauerne/his luſtes to meyntayne
But lyke as beſemed/a noble capitayne
In ſturdy harneſſe/ he dyed for the right
From dethes danger /no man may flye certayne
But ſuche dethe is meteſt / vnto a noble knight.

But dethe it to call/ me thynke it is vnright
Sithe his worthy name / ſhall laſt parpetuall
To all his nacion / example and clere light
But to his progeny/mooſt ſpecially of all
His ſoule is in pleaſure / of glory eternall
So duke mooſt doughty/ ioy may that noble tree
Whoſe braunches honour/ſhall neuer fade ne fall
Whyle beeſt is in erthe/ or fyſſhes in the ſee.

Lo Codrus/ I here haue tolde the by and by
Of ſhepherde Cornix/ the wofull elegy
Wherin he mourned/the greuous payne and harde
And laſt departyng/of noble lorde Hawarde

More he endyted/ of this good admyrall
But truely Codrus/ I can nat tell the all.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Mynalcas/ I ſwere by holy Peters cope
If all thyng fortune/as I haue truſt and hope
yf happy wynde blowe/ I ſhall or it be long
Cōfort thy ſorowe/ and wele rewarde thy ſong
What truſt man a whyle/ tyll better fortune come
yf my parte be any / than ſhall thy parte be ſome.

¶ Mynalcas.

¶ yf thou in purpoſe / ſo to rewarde my hyre
God graunt the Codrus/ thy wyſſhing ⁊ deſyre.

¶ Codrus.

¶ Forſothe Mynalcas/ I wyſſhe the ſo in dede
And that ſhalt yͧ knowe/ if fortune with me ſpede
Farewell Mynalcas/for this tyme dieu te garde
Here is wynter/the worlde is to harde.

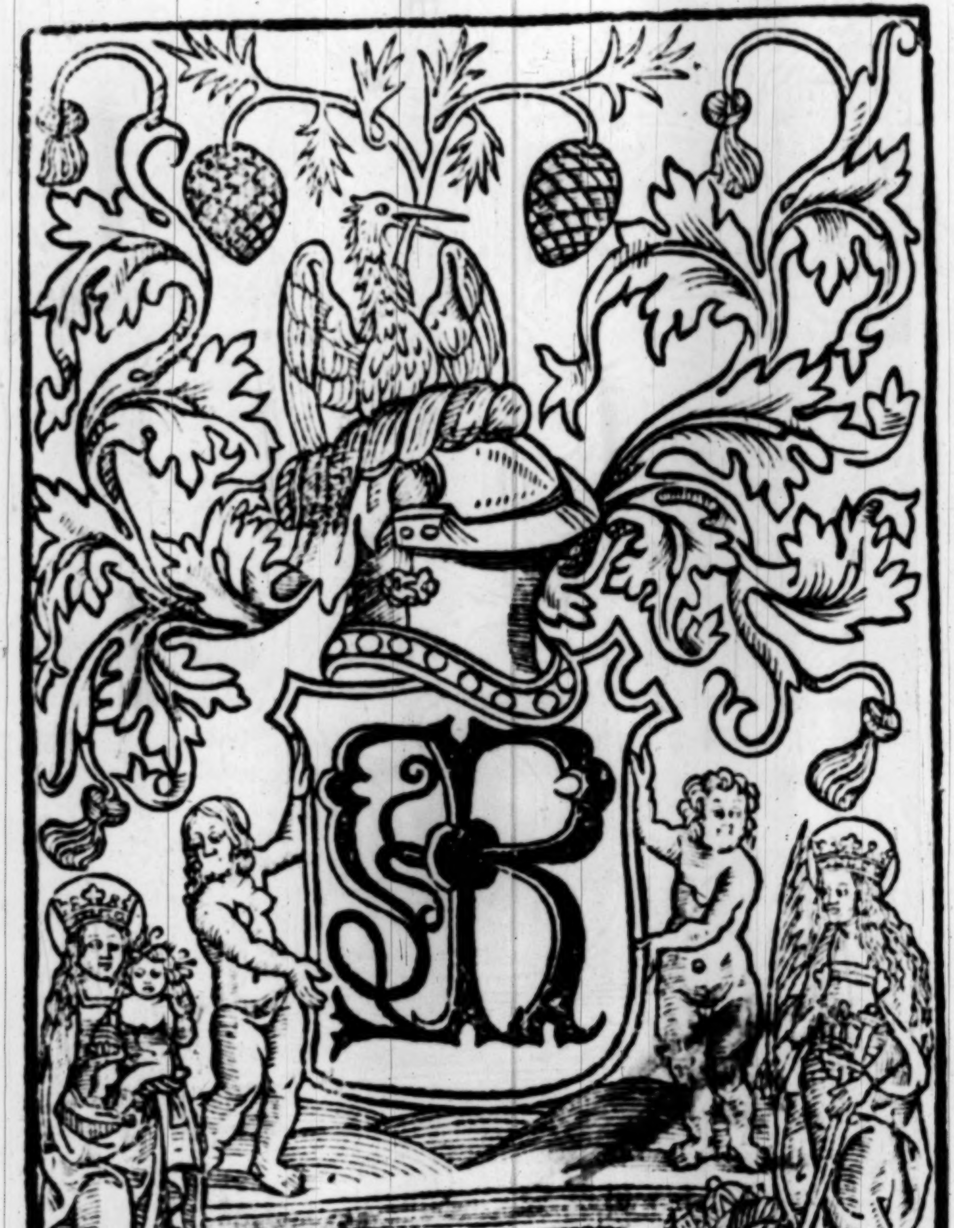
¶ Mynalcas.

¶ Go wretched nigarde/ god ſende the care ⁊ payne
Our lorde let the neuer/ come hyder more agayne
And as dyde Mydas / god tourne it all to golde
That euer thou toucheſt/or ſhalte in handes holde
For ſo moche on golde/ is fixed thy lyking
That thou diſpyſeſt/ bothe vertue and cōnyng.

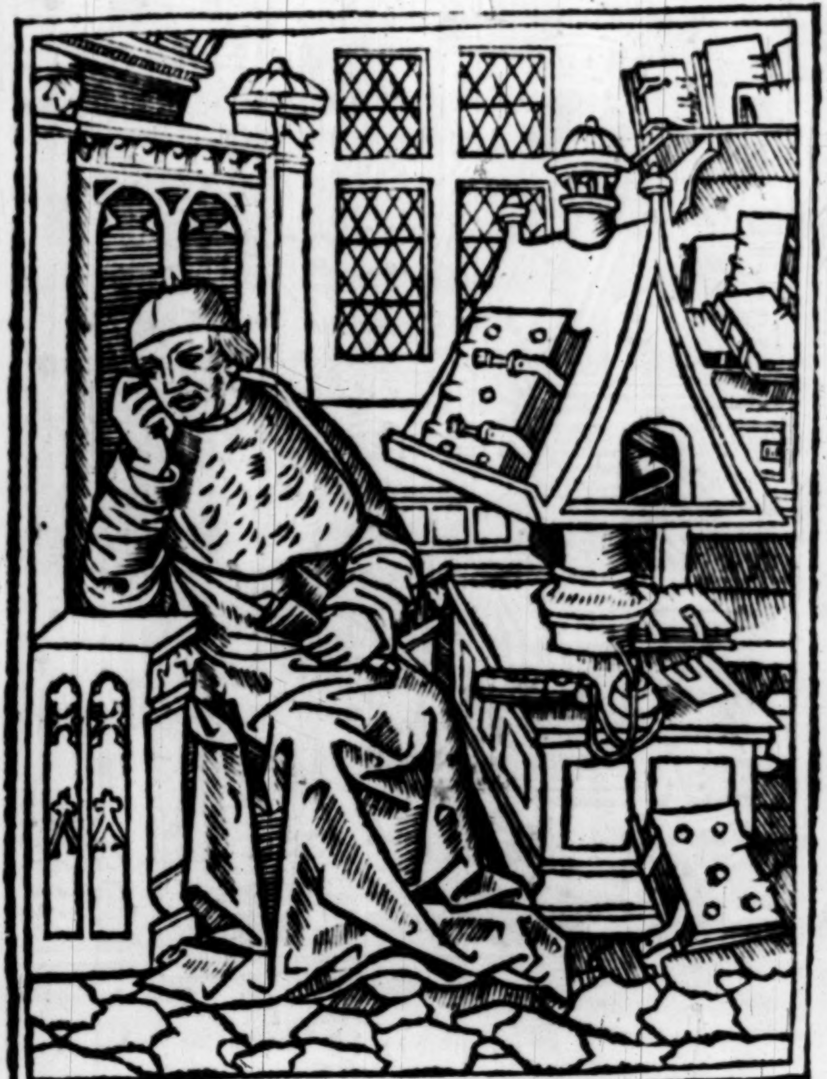
¶ Explicit.

¶ Thus endeth the fourthe Eglogue of Alexandre
Barcley/ cōcernyng the maners of riche men
anenſt poetes and other clerkes. Emprinted
by Richarde Pynſon/
priter to the kynges noble
grace.

⁂



¶ The fyfte Eglog of Alexandre Barclay of the Cytezen and vplondyſhman.



¶ Here
after foloweth the
Prologe.

Phst. f. M. copy 60335